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# BABY



A LITTLE BOOK  
OF BIG THOUGHTS  
ABOUT LITTLE ONES





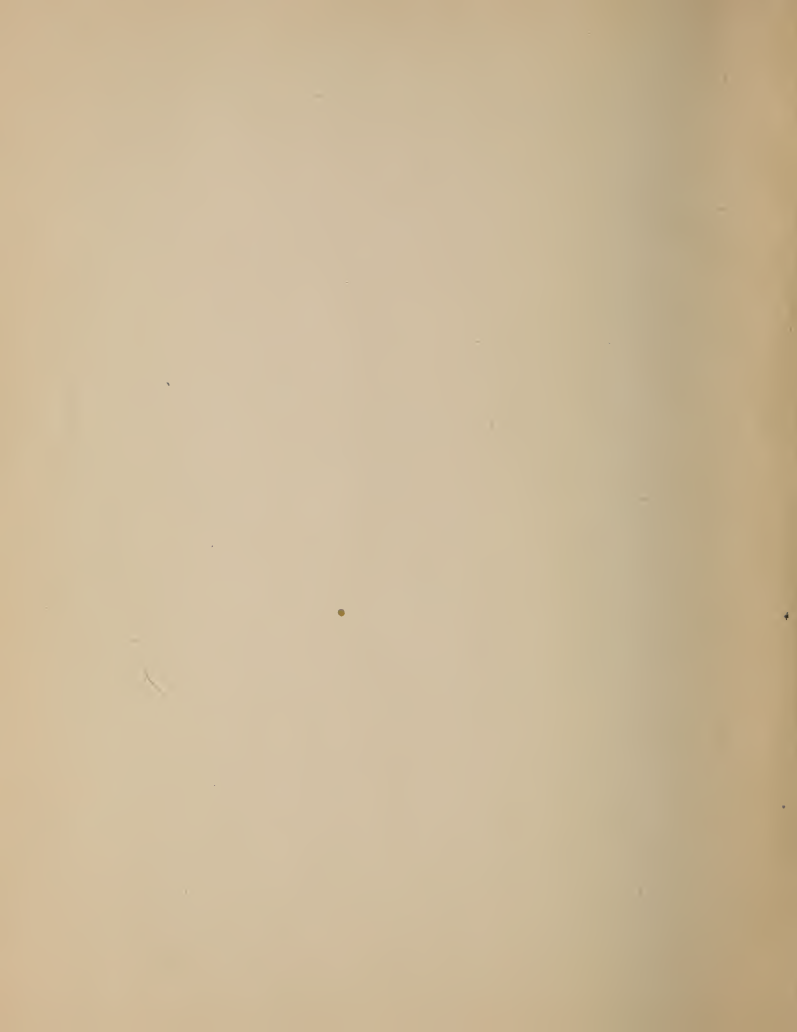
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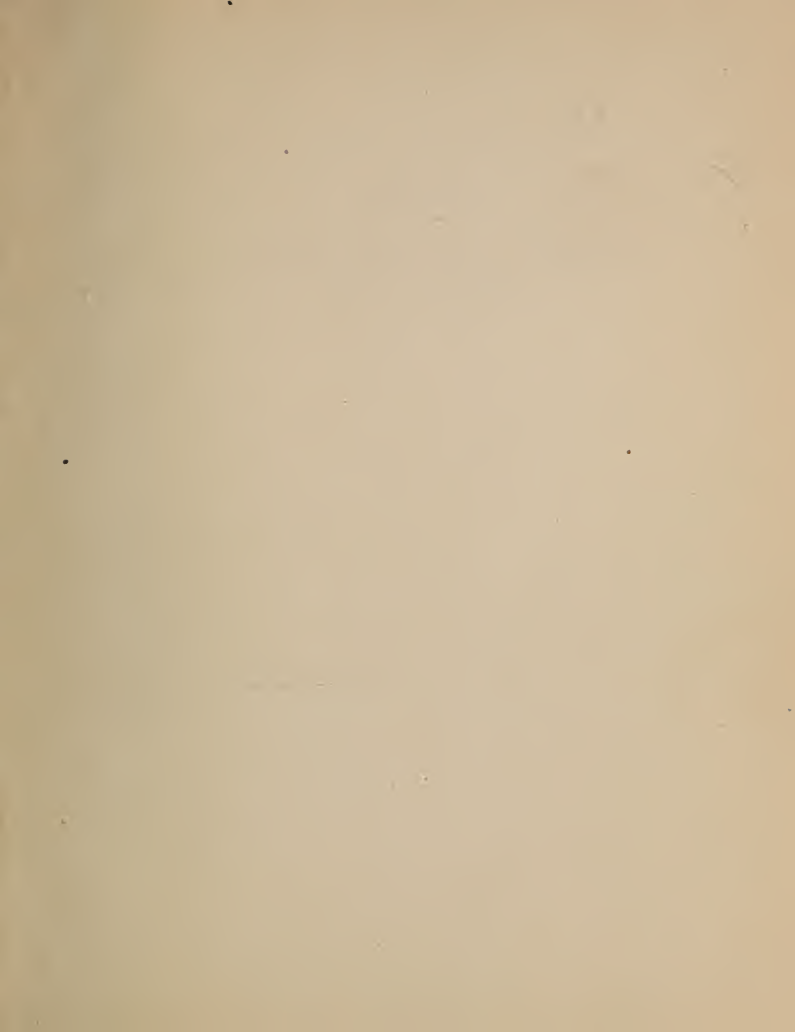
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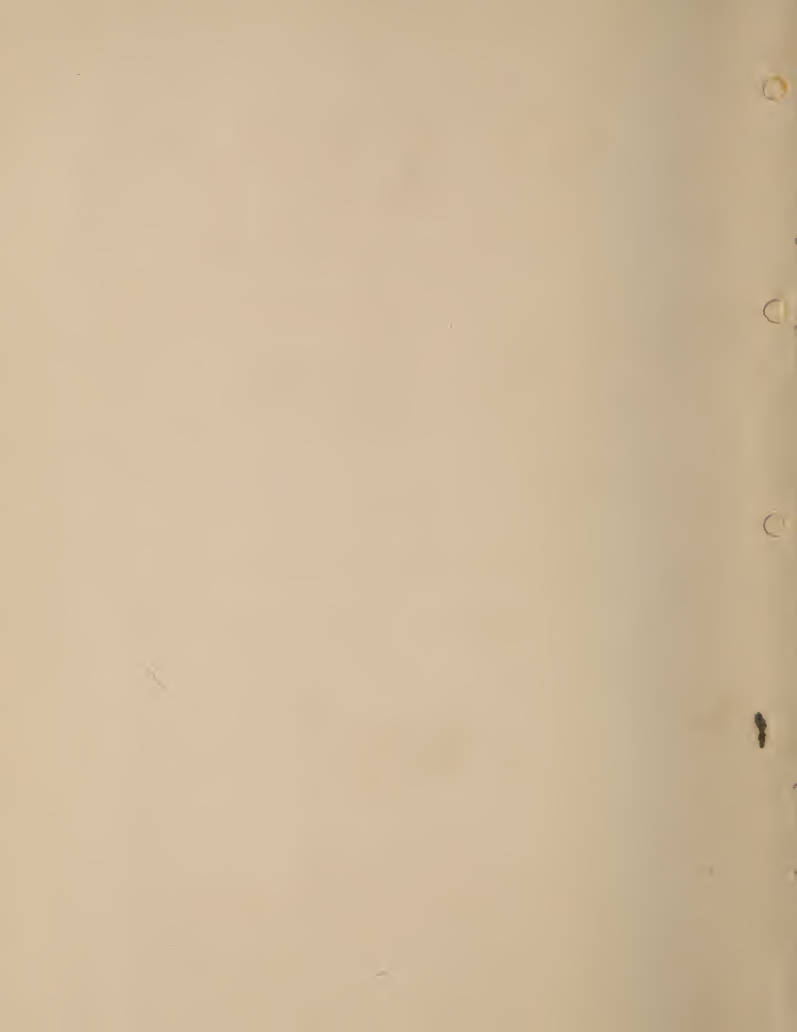






# BABY

*A Little Book of Big Thoughts  
About Little Ones*



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# BABY



*A little Book  
of big Thoughts  
about little Ones*



Collected and Edited  
by  
Wilbur D. Nesbit



Published by  
P.F. Volland & Company  
Chicago

To that  
Noblest of  
Women—  
A Mother



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## BABIES.

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**T**HERE have been and are so many babies in the world that it seems unfair there should not be a book especially devoted to them. Surely in all the centuries that have gone there must have been some such a book, but the trouble is that each new baby is so wonderful that no one book about any one baby is good enough to apply to any other. So we have sought through the works of writers, old and new, and have tried to select the very best things they have had to say about that little monarch—Baby.

It has been pleasant work, though in a way difficult. The great writers seemed to consider philosophy and science and romance and history more important than babies, when, as a matter of fact, if it were not for babies there would be no philosophy or science or romance or history. And to those fortunate parents who possess a new baby there is all of these four subjects in that one little being, which is exactly proper and right. So in this little book we have a lot of things written

about the baby. It is interesting to know that, except one or two old heathen bachelors, all the other illustrious writers of the world have referred to babies in the most beautiful manner.

We wish to thank all the modern writers who have so generously permitted us to use their work in this collection; as to the ancient ones, they have had their rewards.

—*W. D. N.*

# BABY.



**W**HERE did you come from, baby dear?  
Out of the everywhere into the here.  
Where did you get those eyes so blue?  
Out of the sky as I came through.  
What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?  
Some of the starry spikes left in.  
Where did you get that little tear?  
I found it waiting when I got here.  
What makes your forehead so smooth and high?  
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.  
What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?  
I saw something better than any one knows.  
Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?  
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.  
Where did you get this pearly ear?  
God spoke, and it came out to hear.  
Where did you get those arms and hands?  
Love made itself into bonds and bands.  
Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?  
From the same box as the cherubs' wings.  
How did they all just come to be you?  
God thought about me, and so I grew.  
But how did you come to us, you dear?  
God thought about you, and so I am here.

—George MacDonald.

ONLY A BABY SMALL.

ONLY a baby small  
Dropt from the skies;  
Only a laughing face,  
Two sunny eyes

Only two cherry lips,  
One chubby nose.  
Only two little hands,  
Ten little toes.

Only a golden head,  
Curly and soft;  
Only a tongue that wags  
Loudly and oft.

Only a little brain,  
Empty of thought;  
Only a little heart,  
Troubled with naught.

Only a tender flower  
Sent us to rear;  
Only a life to love  
While we are here.

Only a baby small,  
Never at rest;  
Small, but how dear to us,  
God knoweth best.

—*Matthias Barr.*



A BABY'S FEET.

**A** BABY'S feet, like sea-shells pink,  
 Might tempt, should Heaven see meet,  
 An angel's lips to kiss, we think,  
 A baby's feet.

Like rose-hued sea-flowers toward the heat  
 They stretch and wink  
 Their ten soft buds that part and meet.  
 No flower-bells that expand and shrink  
 Gleam half so heavenly sweet  
 As shine on life's untrodden brink,  
 A baby's feet. —*A. C. Swinburne.*



**M**Y babe so beautiful! It thrills my heart  
 With tender gladness, thus to look at thee.  
 —*Coleridge.*



**O**, LITTLE feet! that such long years  
 Must wander on through hopes and fears,  
 Must ache and bleed beneath your load;  
 I, nearer to the wayside inn  
 Where toil shall cease and rest begin,  
 Am weary, thinking of your road.  
 —*Longfellow.*



**A** ROSE with all its sweetest leaves  
 yet folded. —*Byron.*

TELL ME, BABY.

LITTLE wee maiden, with love-lit eyes,  
Lying here in my arms tonight,  
What of the Dreamland beyond the skies?  
Whither you drift in the soft firelight?  
Tell me, lassie, the places fair  
Way out yonder, which you behold—  
Magic castles and sights so rare,  
Over beyond the sunset's gold.

Tell me, baby, with eyes of blue,  
What you see in that fairy land;  
Lead me there with your wee, pink hand,  
Little charmer, those sights to view.  
Let me wander along with you  
Deep in the dewey dells out there,  
Which in the Distant Past I knew,  
Far removed from the Days of Care.

Little wee maiden, with curls of night,  
Drowsing here in the firelight's glow,  
Tell me, dear, of each rapturous sight  
You behold, as the sun dips low.  
Hark to the wavelets against the strand,  
Where the spires of Sleep Town gleam!  
Lead me, sweet, with your baby hand,  
Into that beautiful Land of Dream.

Tell me, baby, with drooping eyes,  
What you see in that magic clime;  
Sing to me of its joys sublime,  
Far removed from the crimson skies.

Little dreamer, what is the prize  
Which you seek on your journey there?  
Tell me, baby, with sleep-bound eyes,  
All the charms of that city fair.

—*E. A. Brininstool.*



**O** HAPPY, unowned youths! Your limbs can bear  
The scorching dog-star and the winter's air;  
While the rich infant, nursed with care and pain,  
Thirsts with each heat and coughs with every rain.

—*Gay.*



**M**EANTIME a smiling offspring rises 'round  
And mingles both their graces. By degrees  
The human blossom blows; and every day,  
Soft as it rolls along, shows some new charm—  
The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.

—*Thomson.*



**L**ET nothing which is disgraceful to be spoken of,  
or to be seen, approach this place, where a child is.

—*Juvenal.*

## BABY

THE heav'ns have blest you with a godly son  
To be a comforter when he is gone.



THE bearing and training of a child  
Is woman's wisdom.

—*Tennyson.*



ONE trouble about a baby is havin' to read down  
town.

—*Kin Hubbard.*



TRAILING clouds of glory do we come  
From God, who is our home:  
Heaven lies about us in our infancy.

—*Wordsworth.*



A BABE in a house is a well-spring of pleasure.

—*Martin F. Tupper.*



O, WHEN a mother meets on high  
The babe she lost in infancy,  
Hath she not then for pains and fears,  
The day of woe, the watchful night,  
For all her sorrows, all her tears,  
An over-payment of delight?

—*Robert Southey.*

DA FAM'LY MAN.

I AM too prouda man to-day  
 For wanta swear an' fight,  
 An' I no care what bad keeds say  
 For makin' me excite'.  
 So eef somebody com' an' try  
 For makin' fool weeth me  
 I justa gon' be dignifi'  
 Like fam'ly man should be.  
 Las' night da doctor bring my wife  
 A baby girl. Dat's how  
 I am so proud. You bat my life  
 I gon' be good man now.

—T. A. Daly. (From "Canzoni.")



THOSE that do teach your babes,  
 Do it with gentle means and easy tasks;  
 He might have chid me so, for in good faith  
 I am a child to chiding.

—Shakespeare.



THE tear down childhood's cheek that flows  
 Is like the dew-drop on the rose;  
 When next the summer breeze comes by  
 And waves the bush, the flower is dry.

—Scott.

TO A NEW BABY.

GOOD morning, little baby,  
With your lips all dew empearled!  
Permit me to present you  
To an interesting world.

It is full of fads, they tell me;  
It contains the false and true;  
But whatever may be in it,  
It was made, my dear, for You!

All the thinkers who are thinking:  
All the brawny sons of toil,  
All the seeds that are upsprouting  
From its re-creating soil:

All the protoplasmic planning,  
All the schemes that come and go,  
Coalescing and progressing  
In the Cosmic ebb and flow,

Are preparing for your pleasure,  
Are maturing for your good.  
We have made some failures, baby,  
But we've done the best we could.

Pray accept, therefore, our greeting  
And our maximum of cheer  
In the spirit we present it—  
Pray command us, baby dear!

—*Thomas L. Masson.*

A CHILD may have too much of its mother's blessing. —*Proverb.*



THE birth of a child is the imprisonment of a soul. —*Simons.*



TO a child in confinement its mother's knee is a binding post. —*Hitopadesa.*



THE future destiny of the child is always the work of the mother. —*Napoleon.*



THE next essays to walk, but, downward pressed,

On four feet imitates his brother beast;  
By slow degrees he gathers from the ground  
His legs, and to the rolling chair is bound.

—*Dryden.*



WHOSOEVER therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same also is greatest in the kingdom of heaven. —*St. Matthew.*



IF children grew up according to early indications, we should have nothing but geniuses.

—*Goethe.*



BABY MARY.

DEEP in baby Mary's eyes,  
Baby Mary's sweet blue eyes,  
Dwell the golden memories  
Of the music once her ears  
Heard in far-off Paradise;  
So she has no time for tears,—  
Baby Mary,—  
Listening to the song she hears.

Soft in Baby Mary's face,  
Baby Mary's lovely face,  
If you watch, you, too, may trace  
Dreams her spirit-self hath seen  
In some far-off Eden place,  
Whence her soul she cannot wean.—  
Baby Mary,—  
Dreaming in a world between.

—*Madison Cawein.*



THE child's murmuring is more, and is less, than words; there are no notes, and yet it is a song; there are no syllables, and yet it is a language. . . . . This poor stammering is a compound of what the child said when it was an angel, and of what it will say when it becomes a man.

—*Victor Hugo.*



**M**ONDAY'S child is fair in face,  
 Tuesday's child is full of grace,  
 Wednesday's child is full of woe,  
 Thursday's child has far to go,  
 Friday's child is loving and giving,  
 Saturday's child works hard for its living;  
 And a child that's born on Christmas Day  
 Is fair and wise, and good and gay.

—*Halliwel's Rhymes and Tales.*



**T**HY cradled brows and loveliest loving lips,  
 The floral hair, the little lightening eyes,  
 And all thy goodly glory. —*A. C. Swinburne.*



### THE STRANGER.

**Y**OUR speech he cannot understand,  
 But since he came, last night,  
 The world has seemed so good and grand,  
 So beautiful and bright!  
 He has not seen it yet, but by  
 The anxious, loving way  
 He cuddles to his mother, I  
 Should judge he wants to stay.

—*S. E. Kiser.*



**H**OW many troubles are with children born!  
 Yet he that wants them counts himself forlorn.

—*Drummond of Hawthornden.*

## BABY

**H**APPY child! Thy cradle is still to thee an infinite space; once grown into a man, and the boundless world will be too small to thee. —*Schiller.*



**I**N every child there lies a wonderful deep. —*Schumann.*



**T**HEIR love in early infancy began,  
And rose as childhood ripened into man. —*Dryden.*



**A** DEEP meaning often lies in the play of a child. —*Schiller.*



**B**EHOLD the child, by nature's kindly law,  
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw. —*Pope.*



**T**HE world has no such flower in any land,  
And no such pearl in any gulf the sea,  
As any babe on any mother's knee. —*Swinburne.*



**W**E are better than all the ballads  
That ever were sung or said;  
For ye are living poems  
And all the rest are dead. —*Longfellow.*

## BABY'S PRAYER

AH, God is near the cottage when the evening shadows creep,  
 And baby's lips are murmuring: "I lay me down to sleep!"

No matter what the distance is where baby says her prayer,

The omnipresent God of Love is always watching there!

Ah, he who notes the sparrow's fall and buoys the robin's flight,

Shall he forget the hour of dusk when baby says good night?

Shall he, aloof from baby's prayer and baby's laughter purred,

Deny himself the sweetest chords that charm a raptured world?

Ah, God is near when baby prays beside her downy bed,

And God will send his angels down to watch above her head—

To guard her through the Sleepy Way, the "bogey" wood of night,

And give her back to mother's arms when Phoebus takes her flight!

Ah, now the baby lisps: "Amen!" and mother tucks her snug,

And kisses her, and pats her hair and calls her "mother's bug!"

And then she tiptoes from the room, as evening shadows limn,

And leaves her baby, fast asleep, to angel guards—and Him!

—Byron Williams.

## BABY

**B**ORN of a Monday, fair in face;  
Born of a Tuesday, full of God's grace;  
Born of a Wednesday, merry and glad;  
Born of a Thursday, sour and sad;  
Born of a Friday, Godly given;  
Born of a Saturday, work for your living;  
Born of a Sunday, ne'er shall we want—  
So there ends the week, and there's an end on 't.

—*Brand's Popular Antiquities.*



## NOCTURNE.

**T**HE bee to the hive, and the bird to the nest  
The opened bud to its close again,  
And the weary sun to the waiting west;  
And sleep to the heavy eyes of men.  
Night bringeth the hour of all the best—  
It bringeth the babe to the mother's breast.  
The owl to the tree and the stars to the sky,  
And the silver moon to its journey high;  
The beetle lurcheth in humming flight  
While the firefly flasheth across the night.  
Then cometh the hour of softest charms—  
It bringeth the babe to mother's arms.  
The night foldeth in as a drapery soft  
As the far perfumes that the breezes waft;  
The world is there—but we are here  
With lullaby, lullaby, low and clear.  
Night sendeth the hour of all apart—  
It bringeth the babe to mother's heart.

—*Wilbur D. Nesbit.*

A GOOD NIGHT SONG.

**M**OTHER croons a good-night song,  
 Close your eyes, my dearie;  
 Fairies round a wee one throng,  
 Close your eyes, my dearie.  
 Close your eyes while mother sings,  
 Hear the dip of fairy wings,  
 Night a peaceful slumber brings,  
 Close your eyes, my dearie.  
 Close your eyes  
 Little dear;  
 In the skies  
 Stars appear.  
 Through the night  
 Shadows creep;  
 Dear, good night,  
 Go to sleep.  
 Bylo-land in slumber lies,  
 Close your eyes, my dearie;  
 Angels watch you from the skies,  
 Close your eyes, my dearie.  
 Slumber while the night wind sighs,  
 Slumber ere the twilight flies,  
 Dream of love and lullabies,  
 Close your eyes, my dearie.  
 Close your eyes  
 Little dear;  
 In the skies  
 Stars shine clear.  
 Fades the light,  
 Shadows creep;  
 Dear, good night,  
 Go to sleep.

—Joe Cone.

LINES TO A BABY GIRL.

O H, she has such a way with her!  
I stay with her  
And play with her;  
Her cheeks are round and dimpled and  
Her eyes are Heaven's blue.  
My life is spent quite half with her,  
I laugh with her  
And chaff with her,  
Till she looks up with laughing eyes,  
And all she says is "Goo!"

Sometimes I try to walk with her,  
I talk with her  
And rock with her;  
She knows some way my love for her  
Is tender and is true.  
And so I sit and speak with her  
And seek with her  
The cheek of her  
To brush with little kisses and  
Quite all she says is "Goo!"

She toddles in to share with me  
My chair with me;  
Her air with me  
Is that of queen imperious,  
My heart her subject true.

Upon the floor she lies with me,  
 And tries with me  
 To rise with me  
     When romping time is over, and  
     She looks up and says "Goo!"

Oh, she is such a part of me,  
 The heart of me,  
 And art of me  
     Could not express my love for her,  
     So tender and so true;  
 She is the treasure blessed of me,  
 Heart's guest of me,  
 The best of me,  
     This little baby girl of me  
     Who looks up and says "Goo!"

—*J. W. Foley.*



**B**UT what am I?  
 An infant crying in the night:  
 An infant crying for the light:  
 And with no language but a cry.

—*Tennyson.*



**I**F a boy is not trained to endure, and to bear trouble,  
 he will grow up a girl; and a boy that is a girl has  
 all a girl's weakness without any of her regal qualities.  
 A woman, made out of a woman, is God's noblest  
 work; a woman made out of a man is his meanest.

—*Henry Ward Beecher.*



BABY

**A** LITTLE child, a limber elf,  
Singing, dancing to itself,  
A fairy thing with red, round cheeks  
That always finds and never seeks  
Makes such a vision to the sight  
As fills a father's eyes with light.

—*Coleridge.*



**L**IVING jewels, dropped unstained from heaven.

—*Pollok.*



**A** MOTHER who boasts two boys was ever ac-  
counted rich.

—*Robert Browning.*



**A** SWEET new blossom of humanity, fresh fallen  
from God's own home, to flower on earth.

—*Massey.*



**G**OOD Christian people, here is an inestimable loan  
for you. Take all heed thereof, and in all care-  
fulness employ it. With high recompense, or else  
with heavy penalty, will it one day be required back.

—*Carlyle.*



**W**HO takes the child by the hand takes the mother  
by the heart.

—*Danish Proverb.*



EASY ARITHMETIC.

**R**OSEBUD, dainty and fair to see,  
 Flower of all the world to me,  
 Come this way on your dancing feet—  
 Say, how much do you love me, sweet?  
 Red little mouth drawn gravely down,  
 White brow wearing a puzzled frown,  
 Wise little baby rose is she,  
 Trying to measure her love for me.  
 “I love you all the day and the night,  
 All the dark and the sunshine bright,  
 All the candy in every store,  
 All the dollars and more and more,  
 Over the tops of the mountains high,  
 All the world way up to the sky.”



**W**HAT is there sweeter, given by nature to the  
 race of mankind, than each man's own children?  
 —*Cicero.*



**P**ERHAPS a better woman after all,  
 With chubby children hanging on my neck,  
 To keep me low and wise.  
 —*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*



**C**HILDREN blessings seem, but torments are;  
 When young, our folly, and when old, our care.  
 —*Thomas Otway.*



**S**UFFER little children to come unto me; and  
 forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of  
 Heaven.  
 —*St. Matthew.*

SH-SH-SH.

**M**Y ma, she's upstairs in bed,  
An' *It's* there wif her.  
It's all bundled up an' red—  
Can't nobody stir,  
Can't nobody say a word  
Since *It* come to us.  
Only thing 'at I have heard  
'Ceptin' all *Its* fuss  
Is,

“ Sh-h-h-h! ”

I goed in to see my ma,  
'Nen clumb on th' bed.  
Was she glad to see me? Pshaw!  
“*Sh-h-h!* ” 'at's what she said,  
'Nen *It* blinked an' tried to see!  
'Nen I runned away  
Out to my old apple tree  
Where no one could say,

“ Sh-h-h-h! ”

'Nen I laid down on th' ground  
An' say 'at I just wish  
I was dead! An' there's a sound—  
'At old tree said,

“ Sh-h-h-h! ”

'Nen I cry an' cry an' cry  
Till my pa he hears  
An' comed there an' wipe my eye

An' mop up th' tears,  
 'Nen said:  
 " Sh-h-h-h! "

I'm just go' to tell my ma  
 I don't like her one bit.  
 Why d' they all say " Sh-h-h " to me  
 An' not say that to *It*.

—*Wilbur D. Nesbit.*

*From "The Trail to Boyland"*  
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**B**E very vigilant over thy child in the April of his understanding, lest the frost of May nip his blossoms. While he is a tender twig, straighten him; whilst he is a new vessel, season him; such as thou makest him, such commonly shalt thou find him.

—*Quarles.*



**I** KNOW he's coming by this sign:  
 That baby's almost wild!  
 See how he laughs, and crows, and starts—  
 Heaven bless the merry child!  
 He's father's self in face and limb,  
 And father's heart is strong in him.  
 Shout, baby, shout! and clap thy hands,  
 For father on the threshold stands.

—*Mary Howitt.*

HOW A BABY GROWS.

**S**HOW me when a bud  
Changes to a rose  
Then I'll tell you truly  
When a baby grows.

—*Author Unknown.*



HANG UP HER STOCKING.

**H**ANG up the baby's stocking  
Be sure you don't forget.  
The dear little dimpled darling—  
She ne'er saw Christmas yet.

Write: "This is the baby's stocking  
That hangs in the corner here.  
You have never seen her, Santa,  
For she only came this year,  
But she's the blessedest baby!  
And now before you go  
Just cram her stocking with goodies  
From the top clean down to the toe."

—*Old Jingle.*



**J**OY thou bring'st,  
But mixed with trembling;  
Anxious joys and tender fears;  
Pleasing hopes,  
And mingled sorrows,  
Smiles of transport dashed with tears.

—*Cottle.*

## TO A CHILD.

**I**F by any device or knowledge  
 The rosebud its beauty could know,  
 It would stay a rosebud forever,  
 Nor into its fullness grow.  
 And if thou could'st know thine own sweetness,  
 O little one, perfect and sweet!  
 Thou would'st be a child forever;  
 Complete whilst incomplete.

—*Francis Turner Palgrave.*



## PHILIP, MY KING.

**L**OOK at me with thy large, brown eyes,  
 Philip, my king!  
 For round thee the purple shadow lies  
 Of babyhood's royal dignities.  
 Lay on my neck thy tiny hand  
 With Love's invisible scepter laden;  
 I am thine Esther, to command  
 Till thou shalt find thy queen-handmaiden,  
 Philip, my king!

I gaze from thy sweet mouth up to thy brow,  
 Philip, my king!  
 The spirit that there lies sleeping now  
 May rise like a giant, and make men bow  
 As to one Heaven-chosen amongst his peers.  
 My Saul, than thy brethren higher and fairer,  
 Let me behold thee in future years!  
 Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,  
 Philip, my king!

—*Dinah Mariah Mulock.*

LOVING.

O, GOLDEN hair  
And eyes-o'-blue,  
My heart goes throbbing  
A song to you,  
Whenever you come  
With your laugh of glee,  
Within a city  
Block of me.

O, eyes-o'-blue  
And golden hair,  
My weary soul  
Drops every care  
And lilts and sings  
As wild birds do,  
At the teeniest-  
Weeniest sight o' you!

—*Judd Mortimer Lewis.*



WHAT SANTA CLAUS THINKS.

H! Another one! What's the world about?  
Don't these people know that I am 'most worn out?  
Millions of 'em coming, year by year,  
Every youngster wretched if I don't appear.

Here's this jolly little chap, scarcely here a week.  
Don't I know he rules the house, though he cannot  
speak?

Both his eyelids shut up tight, mouth wide open, too—  
'Spouse he got a look at me, wonder what he'd do?

—*Old Recitation.*

## THE BABY'S HELP.

**L**IPS of laughter, eyes of light,  
 Do you know your mission here?  
 Sent to make the old world bright,  
 Sent us grown-up folks to cheer.  
 Little can you understand,  
 Playing in the sunlight there,  
 Lips of laughter, that you make  
 My cross easier to bear.

Golden hair and rosy cheek,  
 Just a tiny little mite,  
 Little can you guess the part  
 You are playing in my fight.  
 Little do you know the help  
 You are giving me each day,  
 Keeping faith and hope alive,  
 Helping me along the way.

Chubby hand and tippy-toe,  
 Little do you ever dream  
 How you keep your daddy up,  
 Aiding him, when it must seem  
 He must fail and quit the fight;  
 But his strength returns anew,  
 And he plunges in once more  
 Just because he thinks of you.

—Edgar A. Guest.



**B**EAUTIFUL as is the morning of day, so is the  
 morning of life.

—Guthrie.



CRADLE SONG.

**W**HAT does he think of his mother's eyes?  
What does he think of his mother's hair?  
What of the cradle-roof, that flies  
Forward and backward, through the air?  
What does he think of his mother's breast,  
Bare and beautiful, smooth and white,  
Seeking it ever with fresh delight,  
Cup of his life, and couch of his rest?  
What does he think, when her quick embrace,  
Pressed his hand and buries his face  
Deep where her heart-throbs sink and swell,  
With a tenderness she can never tell,  
Though she murmur the words  
Of all the birds—  
Words she has learned to murmur well?  
Now he thinks he'll go to sleep!  
I can see the shadow creep  
Over his eyes in soft eclipse,  
Over his brow and over his lips,  
Out to his little finger tips.  
Softly sinking, down he goes!  
Down he goes! Down he goes!  
See! He's hushed in sweet repose.

—*John G. Holland.*



**T**RAIN up a child in the way he should go, and  
when he is old he will not depart from it.



—*Bible.*

**T**HE child is father of the man.

—*Wordsworth.*



TO BABY DOROTHY.

THERE'S a sleepy look in your violet eyes,  
So the sails of our boat we'll unfurl  
And float away to the land of dreams,  
My dear little Dorothy girl.

Twilight is coming soon, little one,  
The sheep have gone to the fold—  
You laugh as our white sails bend and dip,  
And smile at the sunset's gold.

The lilies nod to the sound of the waves;  
While the flower bells are ringing;  
Can you hear the music, Dorothy dear?  
The song that the angels are singing?

The fairies are weaving their drowsy spell  
As we float down the shadow stream,  
The stars shine over your dainty head  
And the roses are lost in a dream.

Now in silence we've reached the shore,  
The white sails here we'll furl,  
The blue-eyed maid is sound asleep;  
"Good night, dear little girl."

—*Myrtle Reed.*



THE heart of childhood is all mirth.  
—*Keble.*

## BABY

EVERY baby born into the world is a finer one than  
the last.

—*Dickens.*



SPEAK roughly to your little boy  
And beat him when he sneezes.  
He only does it to annoy,  
Because he knows it teases.

—*Lewis Carroll.*



IN their tender nonage, while they spread  
Their springing leaves, and lift their infant head,  
Indulge their childhood, and the nursling spare.

—*Dryden.*



THE great man is he who does not lose his child's  
heart.

—*Mencius.*



WE need love's tender lessons taught,  
As only weakness can;  
God hath His small interpreters;  
The child must teach the man.

—*Whittier.*



LIKE infant slumbers, pure and light.

—*John Keble.*

JAMES REGISTERS A KICK.

**W**E'VE got a baby at our house,  
 He come on New Year's day,  
 He's toothlesser than Gran'pa an'  
 His hair's all wore away,  
 The folks call him their sweetie lamb  
 An' other foolish names,  
 Since that kid 'rived 'bout all I hear  
 Is, "Don't wake baby, James!"

One time I got a little pup  
 An' brung it home with me,  
 'Twas jist a common cur, but still  
 'Twus cute as it cud be,  
 My mother an' my sisters tock  
 An' sent the pup away,  
 They said 'twas sech a nuisance, but  
 They let that baby stay.

That pup cud walk an' jump an' bark,  
 'Twus mighty quick to learn,  
 The baby hasn't got no sense—  
 That kid ain't worth a dern,  
 Now Mom an' all the rest the folks  
 Kin praise the blamed thing up,  
 But on the dead, 'tween you an' me,  
 I'd ruther have the pup.

—*Bide Dudley.*



**A** MOTHER only knows a mother's fondness.  
 —*Lady Mary Wortley Montague.*

THE NEW WAY.

**N**O more kissing, so they say,  
Of the little tad.‡

Kissing, as we know today,  
Is extremely bad.

No more cake with icing white,  
No more flaky pies.

No more fairy tales at night;  
They are only lies.

No more heat; though baby freeze,  
Stopped is every flue.

Helpless grandma sadly sees  
Baby turning blue.

No one dares to boss the bait,  
Giver of the law.

Baby has a down-to date,  
Scientific ma.

—*Will S. Askins.*



GRANDDAD ESSAYS A LULLABY.

**S**HUT that little eye, baby!\*  
Do as you are bid! . . . .

There! At last the sandman's  
Sitting on the lid.†

—*C. W. Taylor.*

\*Confound you!

†Thank heaven!

TO A BABY.

**Y**OUR'E a baby and cunning and dimpled and  
 sweet,  
 From your little bald head to your little pink feet;  
 You're a treasure no mortal would barter for gold  
 And the mirth of your cooing will never grow old.

As the flowers of summer you gladden the heart,  
 And the sunbeams in ecstasy over you dart,  
 You're a little, tempestuous blossom that grows  
 In the garden of life with the beautiful rose.

May your dreams be the visions of summer and spring,  
 And your comrades the warblers that happily sing,  
 May the truth lead you safely through valley and fen  
 As you march toward the camp of the army of men.

—*Frank W. Taylor, Jr.*



THE BABY'S STOCKING.

**D**EAR! What a tiny stocking!  
 It doesn't take much to hold  
 Such little pink toes as baby's  
 Away from the frost and cold.

—*Anonymous.*



**C**HILDREN sweeten labors, but they make mis-  
 fortunes more bitter; they increase the cares of  
 life, but they mitigate the remembrance of death.

—*Bacon.*

MY TREASURES.

I HAVE riches almost beyond counting,  
Of jewels and of gold I've a store;  
There's none in the world whom I envy,  
Nor ever I murmur for more.

These treasures I guard, oh, how closely!  
My life's blood's no dearer to me!  
They're locked from all danger of stealing,  
And my heart holds the mystical key.

I envy no millionaire princess,  
With this mine of home riches, my own;  
With these treasures all mine, and mine only,  
I envy no king on his throne.

My world may be small, but 'tis happy  
And peaceful, far from the mad whirl,  
And the day's toil is lost and forgotten  
In the kiss of my wee baby girl.

—*Louise Malloy.*



AT length his lonely cot appears in view  
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;  
Th' expectant wee things todlin stachen through  
To meet their dad, wi' flichtering noise and glee

—*Robert Burns.*



HE struggles first for breath, and cries for aid,  
Then helpless in his mother's lap is laid:  
He creeps, he walks, and, issuing into man,  
Grudges their life from whom his own began;  
Retchless of laws, affects to rule alone.

—*Dryden.*

A MOTHER'S SONG.

THE sun's sinking low in the west, baby dear,  
 Go to sleep, pretty one, close your eyes;  
 Don't you see how he smilingly goes to his bed  
 With that great fleecy cloud lying under his head?  
 Go to sleep, pretty one, close your eyes.

The sun's gone to sleep in the west, baby dear,  
 Sweetly sleep, pretty one, sweetly sleep;  
 May your dreams be as golden, as golden and bright  
 As the sun's when he rests, in the sleeplands of light;  
 Sweetly sleep, pretty one, sweetly sleep.

The sun is awake from his sleep, baby dear  
 Sweetly smile, pretty one, sweetly smile;  
 May Love in His goodness surround you this day,  
 And keep you and guide you with His brightest ray;  
 Sweetly smile, pretty one, sweetly smile.

—*John Armor Miller.*



SOME wonder that children should be given to  
 young mothers. But what instructions does the  
 babe bring to the mother? She learns patience, self-  
 control, endurance; her very arm grows strong, so  
 that she holds the dear burden longer than the father  
 can.

—*Thomas Wentworth Higginson.*



THOU, while babes around thee cling,  
 Show us how divine a thing  
 A woman can be made. —*Wordsworth.*



“WELCOME, LITTLE STRANGER.”

**M**OZZER bought a baby,  
'Tittle bitsy sing;  
Sink I mos could put him  
Frou my rubber ring.  
Ain't he awful ugly?  
Ain't he awful pink?  
“Just come down from Heaven,”  
Tat's a fib I sink.  
Doctor told anoZZer  
Grat big awful lie;  
Nose an't out of joint zen,  
Tat an't why I cry.  
Mamma stays up bedroom—  
Guess he makes her sick;  
Frow him in ze gutter,  
If I can, right quick.  
Cuddle him and love him!  
Call him “Bressed sing”!  
Don't care if my kite an't  
Got a bit of string!  
Send me off with Bidy  
Every single day.  
“Be a good boy, Charlie;  
Run away and play.”  
“Sink I ought to love him”!  
No, I won't; so zere.  
Nassy crying Baby,  
Not got any hair.  
Got all my nice kisses,  
Got my place in bed;  
Mean to take my drum-stick,  
And crack him on the head!



SOMETIMES.

SOMETIMES, dear little one,  
 I wonder why you came to me;  
 Sometimes, dear little one,  
 I wonder what my strength would be  
 If God had not sent you to share  
 Whatever triumphs I may win,  
 If you had not been sent to bear  
 The shame if I descend to sin—  
 Sometimes, dear little one.

Sometimes, dear little one,  
 Doubt comes to mock me bitterly;  
 Sometimes, dear little one,  
 I hear Temptation calling me.  
 If you had not been sent to reap  
 The crop I sow, the wheat or tares,  
 I wonder if I might not weep  
 As weaklings do beneath their cares—  
 Sometimes, dear little one. —*S. E. Kiser.*



THE greatest regard is due to a child.  
 —*Juvenal.*



CHILDREN know,  
 Instinctive taught, the friend and foe.  
 —*Sir Walter Scott.*



HE knows not love who has no children.  
 —*Old Saying.*

DOT BABY OFF MINE.

**M**INE cracious! mine cracious! shust look here and  
see

A Deutscher so habby as habby can pe,  
Der beoples all dink dot no prains I haf got,  
Vos grazy mit trinking, or someding like dot;  
Id vasn't pecause I trinks lager und vine,  
Id vas all on aggount off dot baby off mine.

Dot schmall leedle vellow I dells you vas qveer;  
Not mooch pigger roundt as a goot glass of beer.  
Mit a barefooted hed, and nose but a schpeck,  
A mout dat goes most to der pack off his neck,  
Und his leedle pink toes mid der rest all combine  
To gif sooch a charm to dot baby off mine.

I dells you dot baby vas von off der poys,  
Und beats leedle Yawcop for making a noise;  
He shust has pecun to shbeak goot English, too,  
Says "mamma," und "bapa," und somedimes "ah  
—goo!"

You don'd find a baby den dimes out off nine  
Dot vos quite so shmart as dot baby off mine.

He grawls der vloer ofer, und drows dings aboutt,  
Und poots efryding he can find in his mout;  
He dumbles der shtairs down, und falls vrom his  
chair,

Und gifs mine Katarina von derrible schkare;  
Mine hair shtands like shquills on a mat borcubine  
Ven I dinks off dose pranks off dot baby off mine.

Dere vas someding, you pet, I don'd likes pooty vell;  
To hear in der nighdt-times dot young Deutscher  
yell,

Und dravel der ped-room midout many clo'es  
Vhile der chills down der shpine off mine pack  
quickly goes;

Dose leedle shimnasdickle dricks vasn't fine,  
Dot I cuts oop at nighdt mid dot baby off mine.

Vell, dese leedle schafers vas goin' to pe men,  
Und all off dese droubles vill pe ofer den;  
Dey vill vare a vwhite shirt-vront inshted off a bib,  
Und vouldn't got tucked oop at nighdt in deir crib—  
Vell! vell! ven I'm feeple und in life's decline,  
May mine oldt age pe cheered py dot baby off mine!

—*Charles Follen Adams.*



**T**H' worst thing about a new baby is its mother's  
singin'.

—*Kin Hubbard.*



**T**EW watch the bud on yure rosebush, tew ketch  
the fust notes ov yure songbird, tew hear the warm  
praze ov kind frends, and tew giv up yure hours tew  
the treazure—tiz this that makes the fust baby a gift  
that Angels hav brought you.

—*Josh Billings.*

THE LITTLE ONES.

**A** LITTLE smile that trembles out  
As though it knew not what to seek;  
A little hand that frets about  
Until it rests against your cheek.

A little soul that is so new  
The angel-stuff 'tis fashioned of  
Thrills in the little heart so true  
It has no room for aught but love.

The little ones—Ah, who can say  
How very much they cheer and bless!  
They are so helpful every day  
Because of all their helplessness.



“**B**OYS will be boys.” “And even that,” I interposed, “wouldn't matter if we could only prevent girls from being girls.”

—*Anthony Hope.*



**W**HERE children are not, Heaven is not.

—*Swinburne.*



**C**HILDREN are the poor man's riches.

—*Danish Proverb.*

TO MY INFANT SON.

THOU happy, happy elf!  
 (But stop; first let me kiss away that tear.)  
 Thou tiny image of myself,  
 (My love, he's poking pease into his ear.)  
 Thou merry, laughing sprite  
 With spirits feather-light;  
 Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin—  
 (My dear, the child is swallowing a pin!)

Thou little tricksy Puck!  
 With antic toys so funnily bestuck,  
 Light as the singing bird that rings the air—  
 (The door! The door! He'll tumble down the stair!)  
 Thou darling of thy sire!  
 (Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire!)  
 Thou imp of mirth and joy;  
 In love's dear chain so bright a link;  
 The idol of thy parents—(Drat the boy!  
 There goes my ink!)

—*Thomas Hood.*



BABY LOUISE.

I'M in love with you, baby Louise.  
 With your silken hair, and your soft, blue eyes,  
 And the dreamy wisdom that in them lies,  
 And the faint, sweet smile you brought from the  
 skies—  
 God's sunshine, baby Louise.

—*Selected.*

## BABY

### AVE PUER.

O, BABY fingers toying with my hair,  
Dear tender palms uplifted now in glee,  
And eyes of tender radiance—what to me  
Are earthly woes before thy face so fair!

Thou cam'st when sorrow couched me; from the void  
Of dull despair I heard thy joyous feet,  
And caught thy laugh, so rippling, pure and  
sweet:

As in a dream I felt my griefs subside.

Mine, yet not mine, earthborn, yet wandering  
From some bright world that hath no semblance  
here,

Some star-like realm, some glad, ethereal sphere  
Where hope dies not, and it is always Spring!

What can we do to keep thee with us, Sweet?  
How may our hearts respond aright to thine?  
Thou makest life and daily toil divine:

Oh, with glad tears I stoop to kiss thy feet!

—George F. Butler.

OUR LITTLE ONES.

THEY are such tiny feet  
 That have gone such a little way to meet  
 The years which are required to break  
 Their steps to evenness, and make  
 Them go  
 More sure and slow.  
 They are such little hands.  
 Be kind. Things are so new, and life but stands  
 A step beyond the doorway. All around  
 New day has found  
 Such tempting things to shine upon, and so  
 The hands are tempted hard, you know.  
 They are such new, young lives;  
 Surely their newness shrives  
 Them well of many sins. They see so much  
 That being immortal they would touch,  
 That if they reach  
 We must not chide, but teach.  
 They are such fair, frail gifts;  
 Uncertain as the rifts  
 Of light that lie along the sky—  
 They may not be here bye and bye—  
 Give them not love, but more—above  
 And harder—patience with the love.

—*George Klinge.*



A CHILD is a cupid become visible.

—*Novalis.*



TO AN INFANT.

THOU little stranger whom I gaze upon  
Sleeping so softly and unconsciously,  
What can the mission be which thou art on,  
Thou who didst arrive so auspiciously?  
If care be ta'en of thee judiciously  
Wilt thou remain among us many years—  
Brightening her future life deliciously,  
Whose semblance in thy tiny form appears?  
Canst thou bring back, congealed to pearls of joy,  
her tears?

Wilt thou remember the sweet lullaby,  
When loftier music shall entreat thine ear?  
Oh, canst thou e'er forget the melody  
Of the soft voice that charmed thee sleeping here?  
The mother's voice, the tend'rest and most dear  
That thou shalt ever hearken to; tho' shrill  
And wild all else may grow, hers will be clear;  
Though cold distress should hush devotion's thrill  
In every other heart, hers burneth tender still.

How still thou liest here in calm repose,  
While thy existence many know not of;  
But soon the sweetness of the budding rose  
Will steal abroad, its own heraldic dove.  
And to behold thee more than one will rove;  
And many more will cast upon thy shrine  
Tributes to gain the favor of thy love;  
For thee will be invoked the sacred Nine—  
But in a scale so rich, what weighs a gift of mine?



Thou sleepest—I let fall the coverlet,  
 The selfish hope unuttered which I came  
 Here to rekindle. Ah! why linger yet  
 Upon the sight of these to feed the flame?  
 I have to thy regard too slight a claim!  
 Though near in tie of blood we're drawn, it seems  
 Blood proveth nothing but a hollow name—  
 Blood wins not love, though it should gush in  
 streams!  
 Sleep! I'll away to mine and leave thee to thy  
 dreams. —*Hugh A. Wetmore.*



**I**N praising or loving a child, we love and praise not  
 that which is, but that which we hope for.  
 —*Goethe.*



**T**HE smallest children are nearest God, as the  
 smallest planets are nearest the sun.  
 —*Richter.*



**W**HERE children are, there is the golden age.  
 —*Novalis.*



**O**N parent knees, a naked, new-born child,  
 Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee  
 smiled.  
 So live that, sinking in thy last long sleep,  
 Calm thou may'st smile, while all around thee  
 weep. —*Sir W. Jones.*

BABY

TO MY GODSON ROBERT, AGED ONE.

WIDE eyes gray-blue  
And hair spun silk,  
Pink roses two  
On cheeks like milk.

A little tear,  
A tiny sob,  
A gurgle—hear  
My godson Rob!

Who smiles all day  
When not asleep  
Or—well-a-day!—  
How he can weep!

A rosebud lip,  
A sea-shell ear,  
A blossoming slip  
Exceeding dear;

A little lad,  
A tiny boy,  
Much like his dad  
In loving joy;

A youthful limb  
From a good tree,  
And I love him,  
And he loves me.

—Wallace Rice.

## BABY MAY.

QHEEKS as soft as July peaches;  
Lips whose dewy scarlet teaches  
Poppies paleness; round large eyes  
Ever great with new surprise;  
Minutes filled with shadeless gladness;  
Minutes just as brimmed with sadness;  
Lights and shadows, swifter born  
Than on wind-swept autumn corn.  
Hands all wants and looks all wonder  
At all things the heavens under;  
Tiny scorns of smiled reprovings  
That have more of love than lovings;  
Mischief done with such a winning  
Archness that we prize such sinning;  
Breaking into wisest speeches  
In a tongue that nothing teaches,  
All the thoughts of whose possessing  
Must be wooed to light by guessing;  
Slumbers—such sweet angel-seeming  
That we'd ever have thee dreaming;  
Till from sleep we see thee breaking,  
And we'd always have thee waking;  
Wealth for which we know no measure;  
Pleasure high above all pleasure;  
Gladness brimming o'er with gladness;  
Joy in care; delight in sadness;  
Loveliness beyond completeness;  
Sweetness distancing all sweetness;  
Beauty all that beauty may be—  
. . . . That's my baby!

—*William C. Bennett.*

A BABY'S SMILE.

**T**HE world had all seemed dark to him,  
The way was rough and lone and wild,  
The day was hung with clouds and dim—  
Until, forsooth, a baby smiled.

A baby smiled into his face—  
The smile of innocence and glee,  
And straightway every gloomy place  
Became the brightest he could see.

And he went bravely on his way  
Unmoved by fortune harsh and grim,  
Because to hearten him that day  
A baby had but smiled at him.

—*Unidentified.*!



**S**LEEP, little baby of mine;  
Dear little head, be at rest,  
For Jesus, like you,  
Was a baby once, too,  
And slept on His own mother's breast.

Shut, little sleepy brown eyes,  
Night and the darkness are near—  
But Jesus looks down  
Through the shadows that frown,  
And baby has nothing to fear.

—*Lullaby.*

OH, what would the world be to us  
 If the children were no more!  
 We should dread the desert behind us  
 Worse than the dark before.

—*Longfellow.*



THE children of others we never love so much as  
 our own. Error, our own child, is so near our  
 own heart.

—*Goethe.*



THE childhood shows the man  
 As morning shows the day.

—*Milton.*



LET thy child's first lesson be obedience, and the  
 second will be what thou wilt.

—*Ben Franklin.*



WHEN thy father is too fondly kind,  
 Such seed he sows, such harvest shall he find.

—*Dryden.*



EDUCATION commences at the mother's knee,  
 and every word spoken within the hearing of  
 little children tends toward the formation of character.

—*Hosea Ballou.*

## BABY

### AD DOROTHEAM.

(Written by the Hon. W. E. Gladstone to his baby granddaughter.)

I KNOW where there is honey in a jar  
Meet for a certain little friend of mine;  
And, Dorothy, I know where daisies are  
That only wait small hands to intertwine  
A wreath for such a golden head as thine.

The thought that thou art coming makes all glad;  
The house is bright with blossoms high and low,  
And many a little lass and little lad  
Expectantly are running to and fro;  
The fire within our hearts is all aglow.

We want thee, child, to share in our delight  
On this high day, the holiest and best,  
Because 'twas then, ere youth had taken flight,  
Thy grandmama, of women loveliest,  
Made me of men most honored and most blest.

The naughty boy who led thee to suppose  
He was thy sweetheart, has, I grieve to tell,  
Been seen to pick the garden's choicest rose  
And toddle with it to another belle,  
Who does not treat him altogether well.

But mind not that; or let it teach thee this—  
To waste no love on any youthful rover.  
(All youths are rovers, I assure you, Miss!)  
No, if thou wouldst true constancy discover,  
Thy grandpa is as perfect as a lover.

So come, thou playmate of my closing day,  
The latest treasure life can offer me,  
And with thy baby laughing make us gay.  
Thy fresh young voice shall sing, my Dorothy,  
Songs that shall bid the feel of sorrow flee.



### THE SLUMBERLAND BOAT.

**T**HERE'S a boat that leaves at half-past six  
From the busy port of Play,  
And it reaches the haven of Slumberland  
Before the close of day.

It carries the tiniest passengers,  
And it rocks so gently, oh!  
When the wee ones nestle in their berths  
And the boatman begins to row.

The name of the boat is Rock-a-By  
And it's guided by mother's hand,  
For she is the patient boatman, dear,  
Who takes you to Slumberland.

Now, what is the fare a traveler pays  
On a Rock-a-By boat like this?  
Why, the poorest child can afford the price,  
For it's only a good-night kiss.

—*Emeline Goodrow.*



## BABY

**A** BABY may grow up to be president; and it may grow up to be a candidate for vice-president—but we should always hope for the best.

—*Current Philosophy.*



“**S**PARE the rod, and spoil the child,”

Said Solomon with weighty nod.

But Solomon that day was riled—

His child had spoiled his fishing rod.

—*Jefferson Toombs.*



“**T**H. most aggravatin’ thing in th. world is to be interrupted while tellin’ about your baby by some one who wants to tell how cute his pet dog is.”

—*Mrs. Motherkin.*



**T**HE baby knows the budding rose,  
And nods unto the morning glory;

Each little breeze that gently blows

Is telling baby all its story.

The bluebird singing in the sky,

The bee that buzzes on pell-mell,

Calls to the baby, passing by—

But baby will not ever tell. —*Anon.*



**A**LMOST any man can tell you of the two perfect babies of the world. One was himself when he was little; the other is his new baby.

—*From a Toast.*



## REST.

THE night is wild and weird and chill—  
 Rest, little one, rest;  
 Our hearth is bright beneath the hill—  
 Rest, little one, rest.

Thy father's earned thy bread to-day—  
 Rest, little one, rest.  
 The moon shines on his homeward way—  
 Rest, little one, rest.

Stout and brave in the winter storm—  
 Rest, little one, rest;  
 The firewood grows to keep thee warm—  
 Rest, little one, rest.

Down from the blue above thy head—  
 Rest, little one, rest;  
 A wild-goose came to make thy bed—  
 Rest, little one, rest.

The dun cow's milk is in thy cup—  
 Rest, little one, rest;  
 Thou may'st drink when the morning star is up—  
 Rest, little one, rest.

Nay, stir not at the wind's alarms—  
 Rest, little one, rest;  
 The world is cradled in Love's strong arms—  
 Rest, little one, rest.

—*Mary F. Butts.*

## BABY

**H**IS cares are eased with intervals of bliss:  
His little children, climbing for a kiss,  
Welcome their father's late return at night.

—*Dryden.*



**L**ANGUAGE was not powerful enough to describe  
the infant phenomenon.

—*Charles Dickens.*



**O**H, hush thee, my baby, thy sire was a knight,  
Thy mother a lady, both lovely and bright.  
The woods and the glens, from the towers which we see,  
They all are belonging, dear baby, to thee.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*



**L**ITTLE children are still the symbol of the eternal  
marriage between love and duty.

—*George Eliot.*



**T**HE child's sob curseth deeper in the silence  
Than the strong man in his wrath.

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*



**B**EGIN, auspicious boy, to cast about  
Thy infant eyes, and with a smile thy mother  
single out.

—*Dryden.*

OUR WEE WHITE ROSE.

**A**LL in our marriage garden  
 Grew, smiling up to God,  
 A bonnier flower than ever  
     Suckt the green warmth of the sod;  
 O, beautiful unfathomably  
     Its little life unfurled;  
 And crown of all things was our wee  
     White Rose of all the world.

From out a balmy bosom  
     Our bud of beauty grew;  
 It fed on smiles for sunshine,  
     On tears for daintier dew;  
 Aye nestling warm and tenderly,  
     Our leaves of love were curled  
 So close and close about our wee  
     White Rose of all the world.

—*Gearld Massey.*



**T**HE little strong embrace  
 Of prattling children, twined around his neck,  
 And emulous to please him, calling forth  
 The fond parental soul.

—*Thomson.*



**T**HE babe had all that infant care beguiles,  
 And early knew his mother in her smiles;  
 At his first aptness the maternal love  
 Those rudiments of reason did improve.

—*Dryden.*

A BABE.

**L**OOK, look into my face, thou babe  
Of light and joy! I am more near  
To Truth and Love  
When thou art here.

Wild longings stir within my breast,  
Beholding thee so fair, so pure:  
Thou art my dream  
That must endure.

Thy soft brown hair, thy eyes of blue,  
Dispel all earthly pain and care—  
As sunrays chase  
The dark despair.

—George F. Butler.



**H**IS life I gave him, and did thereto add  
My love, without retention or restraint.

—Shakespeare.



**A**FELLER with long whiskers allus hates to hold  
a baby.

—Kin Hubbard.



**M**OTHER is the name for God in the lips and  
hearts of little children.

—Thackeray.

TOTTY'S ARITHMETIC.

**O**NE little head, worth its whole weight  
 in gold,  
 Over and over, a million times told.  
 Two shining eyes, full of innocent glee,  
 Brighter than diamonds ever could be.  
 Three pretty dimples, for fun to slip in,  
 Two in the cheeks and one in the chin.  
 Four lily fingers on each baby hand,  
 Fit for a princess of sweet fairy land.  
 Five on each hand if we reckon Tom Thumb,  
 Standing beside them, so stiff and so glum!  
 Six pearly teeth just within her red lips,  
 Over which merriment ripples and trips.  
 Seven bright ringlets, as yellow as gold,  
 Seeming the sunshine to gather and hold.  
 Eight tiny waves running over her hair,  
 Sunshine and shadow, they love to be there.  
 Nine precious words that Totty can say;  
 But she will learn new ones every day.  
 Ten little chubby, comical toes;  
 And that is as far as this lesson goes.

—(St. Nicholas.)



**A** SIMPLE child  
 That lightly draws its breath  
 And feels its life in every limb—  
 What should it know of death?

—Wordsworth.

## BABY

**H**APPY the child whose mother is tired of talking nonsense to him before he is old enough to know the sense of it.

—Hare.



**T**HE clew of our destiny, wander where we will, lies at the foot of the cradle.

—Richter.



**N**EVER fear spoiling children by making them too happy.

—Bray.



**C**HILDREN have more need of models than of critics.

—Joubert.



**C**HILDREN are God's apostles, sent forth, day by day, to preach of love and hope and peace.

—James Russell Lowell.



**W**HO is not attracted by bright and pleasant children, to prattle, to creep and play with them?

—Epictetus.



**T**HE nurse's legends are for truth received, And the man dreams but what the boy believed.

—Dryden.

THE BABY.

WHO ate the paint off father's chair?  
Likewise a cushion stuffed with hair,  
With guileless and uncrafty air?  
The Baby.

Who chewed the edge off father's hat?  
Likewise each curtain in our flat,  
And tried her best to chew the cat?  
The Baby.

Who was it that with chortles gay,  
Devoured the paper yesterday,  
And cried when it was snatched away?  
The Baby.

Who feeds on magazines and books,  
And tacks picked up in hidden nooks,  
And pins, shoe-horns, and button-hooks?  
The Baby.

But who must at all meals be fed,  
On milk alone, not meat nor bread,  
She couldn't stand such food, 'tis said?  
The Baby.

—George Fitch.



FOR the hand that rocks the cradle  
Is the hand that rules the world.

—William Ross Wallace.



THE BABIES.

(With amends to the author of "The Ladies.")

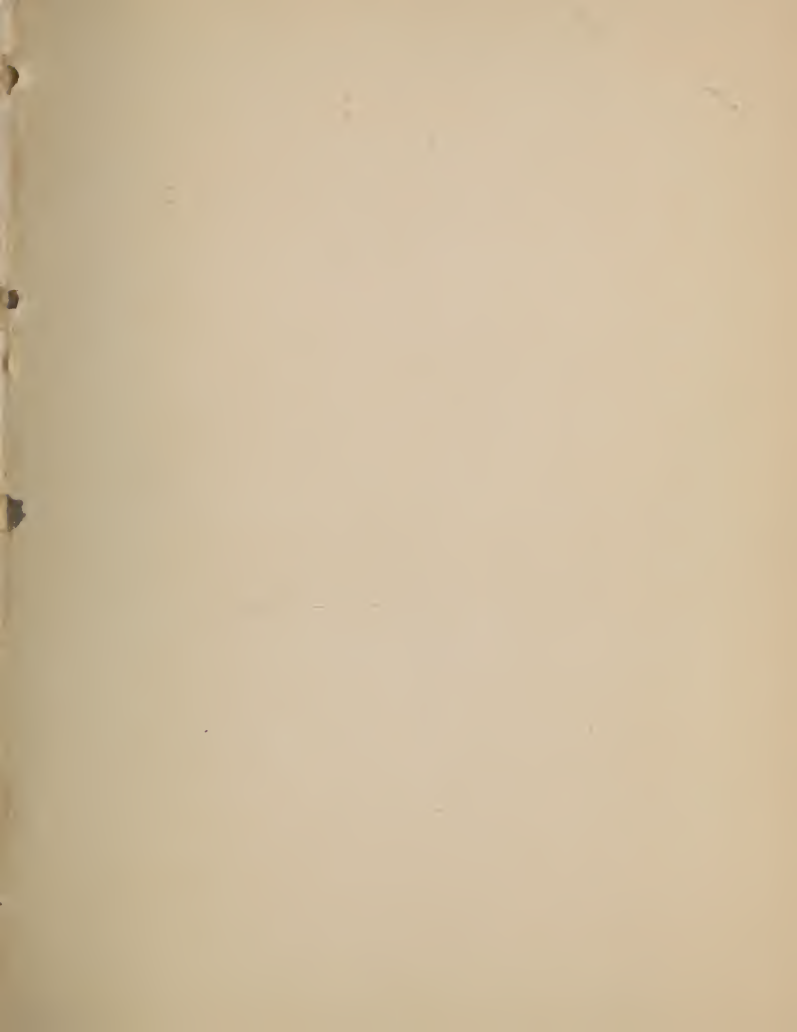
I HAVE met with fond mothers and fathers—  
They have bored me, ah, many's the time—  
There's Smith who full oft has repeated  
The tale of his youngling's first climb—  
Who has checked off his infant's cute sayings  
And cackled anew o'er each whim,  
For Smith was the proudest of parents,  
And I learned about babies from him.

There's Jones who came down in the morning  
And cornered me oft in the car,  
With him there was only one topic,  
All others had sunk below par;  
His babble of babes was quite endless—  
My eyes would grow glassy and dim  
As he purred, like a Tennyson brooklet,  
And I learned about babies from him.

But now sweet revenge is my portion;  
The Jones and Smith juniors are grown,  
While I—Oh, the unbounded rapture!—  
Have a youngster, brand-new, of my own;  
All in vain are their efforts at dodging—  
I corner them now in great glee,  
And they suffer the things that I suffered  
As they learn about babies from me!

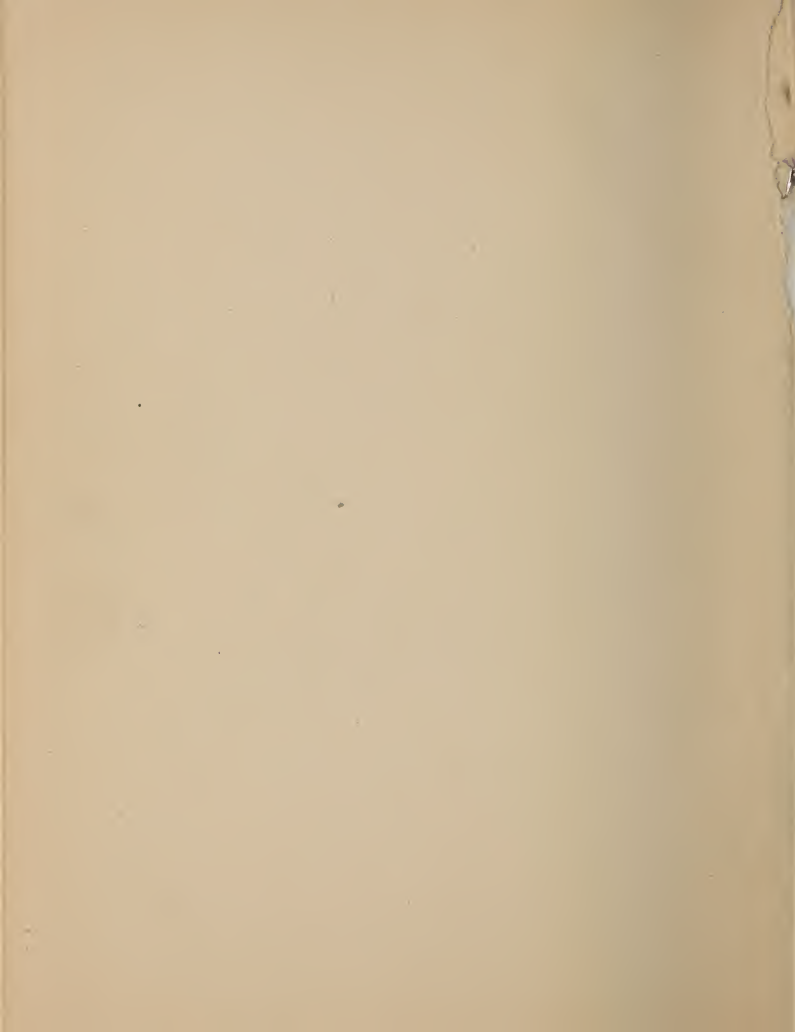
—Arthur Chapman.





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